

TWO MEN SHOT

By a Doctor Who Had Two Pistols on His Person.

VICTIMS UNARMED.

The Citizens of Lancaster, Where Shooting Occurred, Are very Much Stirred Up Over the Tragedy. The Two Young Men Shot Are Very Popular.

A serious shooting affair took place in Lancaster on last Saturday morning at half-past eleven o'clock. Dr. Edgar McDow shot, and it is thought fatally wounded, Mr. Hazel Witherspoon, and inflicted two serious wounds on a Mr. Brown, who is an associate of Mr. Witherspoon in the store of Heath-Springs Company. The shooting is said to have originated through a misunderstanding over a baby carriage, which Dr. McDow purchased several days ago from Mr. Witherspoon and was returned by Mr. McDow, but through some oversight on the part of either Mr. Witherspoon or Mr. Brown, the purchaser was never given credit for it.

No information is given as to what words passed between the gentlemen, but it is stated that after an attempt had been made to explain why Dr. McDow had not received proper credit for the carriage, he drew a pistol and shot Mr. Witherspoon through the lung and when Mr. Brown intervened, the pistol was turned on him and two shots fired, one taking effect in the hand and the other inflicting a serious wound in his jaw. At this juncture Mr. George Heath a son of Mr. O. P. Heath came on the scene just in time to prevent Dr. McDow shooting Mr. Witherspoon a second time.

Mr. Witherspoon was immediately put in the hands of physicians, but it is thought that no amount of attention will save his life. He was suffering very much when the physicians arrived, and it looked for a time that he would die within a few minutes. Mr. Witherspoon is about 30 years of age and is said to be an exceedingly popular young man in Lancaster and with his employers.

Mr. Brown's condition is not thought to be critical, though he was painfully wounded. It is not definitely known whether he was shot twice, or whether it is an attempt to shield his face, just one bullet penetrated his hand and jaw.

Dr. McDow was placed in the county jail within a few minutes after the shooting occurred. Up until 3:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon he had made no statement regarding the unfortunate affair. It is stated that both Mr. Witherspoon and Mr. Brown were unarmed and were not given an opportunity to protect themselves in any way, the shots having been fired without warning. Two pistols were found on Dr. McDow.

A message from Lancaster states that public sentiment is very much against Dr. McDow. There is no anticipation of any violence, but it is understood that the citizens of Lancaster are very indignant over the catastrophe, the general belief being that the shooting was unprovoked.

Mr. L. V. Springs, the proprietor of the Heath-Springs Company, by whom Mr. Witherspoon was employed, was at Fort Mill, S. C., when he was informed of the shooting. As soon as he learned that it would be several hours before he could get a train to Lancaster, he ordered a special, and was speeding to the scene within a very few minutes after the shooting occurred.

Deadly Tornado.

A dispatch from Troy, Ala., says a tornado struck the school house of Josie Bras Thursday and two boys were killed by falling timbers. The dead: Twelve year old son of Albert Pittman, Aaron Lee, aged 11. The school house was demolished and none of the occupants escaped without injury, though the wounds of only 14 are serious. Ramah Church was damaged by the tornado, the residence of Cato Green was wrecked, and the postoffice and many outbuildings were damaged. When the wind struck the school building the sides of the structure gave way and the roof fell upon the occupants.

Wants Depew to Resign.

Senator Brackett, of the New York Legislature, on Wednesday introduced a resolution demanding the resignation of Chauncey M. Depew as United States Senator on account of Depew's relations with the Equitable Life Assurance Society, as disclosed before the investigating committee. After several Senators had eulogized Depew and protested against referring the resolution to any committee, Brackett said he was willing it should be put over, but he did not want to be "kissed out of existence." He subsequently withdrew the resolution.

Killed Father with Fist.

Defending his mother against her quarrelsome husband Joseph Pollock aged 22 years, of 138 West Cumberland street, Philadelphia, struck his father in the face Monday a blow, which resulted in his death. The son has been arrested, charged with murder, and his mother held as a witness. Another son, who is a lay preacher, was absent from home conducting a Christmas entertainment.

A. S. Salley Jr. 16 Aug. 05
123 Berkeley Building
NEWARK, N. J.

Love Dunbar of Aiken Has Price of \$200 on His Head.

The Columbia State says a reward of \$200 has been offered for the arrest of Love Dunbar, a negro who is charged with having killed Mr. E. H. Fisher near Salley in Aiken county on the night of December 24th. The homicide was one of the most shocking of all of the list of terrible crimes of Christmas week. Three negroes are now in arrest but Love Dunbar is a fugitive and it is believed that he is the one most guilty. Mr. Fisher was a man of large means and his death was a calamity to the neighborhood in which he was such a prominent citizen. Col. D. S. Henderson of Aiken called on Gov. Heyward yesterday and put before him the matter in such a way that the offer was made. Sheriff T. P. Baborn wrote the governor: "Several parties have been arrested in connection with the matter, but one of the men who is believed to have implicated in the murder has not been captured. This man is Fred Dunbar, Jr., alias Love Dunbar. I have made diligent search for this man and have had my deputies searching for him but to no avail as yet. I desire to recommend that a liberal reward should be offered for his apprehension. In this recommendation I am joined by the people of Salley."

Attached to Sheriff Baborn's letter is a communication from Dr. H. J. Salley, informant, written by a sad coincidence on the letter paper of the late E. H. Fisher. Dr. Salley writes: "Said partly, we believe from evidence was one of the men who fired upon the person of E. H. Fisher, who was killed on the night of Dec. 24, 1905, at the home of Barney Dunbar."

Following is the description of Fred Dunbar, Jr., alias Love Dunbar, given by Sheriff Baborn: "Light ginger skin, smooth skin negro, 27 years old six feet two to three inches in height weighs 175 to 185 pounds full built, thick through chest, small ears, good, black hair; keen black eyes, little pop-eyed; long keen pointed nose. Black mustache; which he wears trimmed at corners of mouth. Mouth is small—unusually small for his race. Good teeth, the front tooth on right side of upper jaw is plugged with gold and also shows on eye tooth. Wears No. 8 shoes and when last seen wore a new pair of black patent leather shoes with tan tops. Size of coat and vest 42, pants 44 and 35 length. Fond of low dives and lewd women and drinks to excess frequently. Dunbar is a fine figure, neat in appearance, often wears blue overalls with apron front. Has a black nappy overcoat. Does not like farm labor, but works carpenter trade and is said to be a first class hotel porter."

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Shipwrecked Seaman Washed Ashore in Dying Condition.

Six days in an open yawl boat with waves constantly dashing over them and with only a few tins of canned beef and one gallon of water, is the experience of Capt. Bidden and the six members of the crew of the American schooner Nakomis. The men reached Pensacola, Fla. Thursday, being brought from St. Andrews, where they were washed upon the beach in an almost unconscious condition, with limbs swollen and benumbed and almost dead from exposure.

They were found by a party from a small settlement nearby and given attention until they were able to be placed in a boat and brought down to Pensacola, where the vessel is owned. The story of the suffering of the men is a terrible one. The vessel put out from Gulfport about two weeks ago for Cuba with a cargo of lumber. Shortly after getting to sea a leak was discovered and although the pumps were started, the water continued to rise in the hold until there were several feet.

A heavy gale then came on and the men began to throw off the deck load. The vessel continued to take water and it was soon afterwards that the list heavily. The men then decided to abandon the ship and gathered food and nautical instruments, placing them on a cabin house, when a big wave swept over the vessel, turning it completely over and throwing everything into the sea. Almost by a miracle one of the lifeboats, a jug of water and a few cans of meat were saved.

The men then set out for shore, and for six days and nights, with the seas running almost mountain high, they pulled the open boat sometimes not knowing in which direction they were going. Towards the close of the sixth day land was sighted and although an effort was made to keep the boat off, the strength of the wearied crew was not sufficient, and a big wave cast the boat and its contents upon the beach near St. Andrews. The men were unable to move, being almost dead from cold and hunger.

Narrow Escape.

Henry C. Langford, aged 19, a machinist, had a narrow escape from death Thursday in the engine room of the state capital at Atlanta. He was inside a big boiler painting the inside with aluminum paint. The fumes were so overpowering that Langford and a helper could not stand them and decided to rig up an electric fan to give them fresh air while they worked inside the hot water tank. Langford lacked light to see how to fix the fan and asked for a match. A negro struck a match and held it to the man-hole opening of the boiler. Instantly there was a tremendous explosion and smoke and fire poured from the opening. Langford tumbled out. He was terribly burned about the face and head. He went to a physician, where his burns were dressed.

MINERS KILLED.

Twenty-One Men Lost their Lives in a Mine.

FEARFUL DISASTER

In the Cooper Mine at Coaldale, W. Va. The Explosion Was Very Sudden and Its Rumbling Could be Heard for Miles and Miles Around.

A special to The Times from Bluefield, W. Va., says: Twenty-one miners were killed in an explosion of mine gas in the shaft of the Cooper Mine company at Coaldale, W. Va., at noon Thursday. Up to midnight Thursday only one body had been recovered. Immediately following the explosion, which was heard for several miles, rescue parties set to work to explore the wrecked shaft.

Coaldale is a mining town situated in Mercer county on the line of the Norfolk and Western railway and is 15 miles west of Bluefield. But once before in the history of the Pocahontas coal field has there been such a fearful disaster as that in the Coaldale Coal company's shaft Thursday. The victims of that other disaster sleep in the cemetery at Pocahontas.

Thursday at noon while the mines were crowded with men there was a sudden and heavy rumbling a mile and more in the depths of the mountain and through the miles of passages and air-shafts of that immense mine the shock was felt. Before the detonations had died out, Bank Boss Thomas Williams, who was a long ways from the explosion, staggered to his feet, and feeling his way to a mine telephone, called to those on the outside that there had been a terrific explosion of mine gas and asked for help.

Gathering about the entrance, hastening crowds urged by coal heads and anxious hearts hurried to prepare for the rescue of the missing ones and an exploration of the wreck workings. At 4 o'clock one man was brought out. He was H. C. Conrad, and his body was literally torn to pieces. His clothing was hanging in shreds.

Up to a late hour Thursday night no other bodies had been recovered. There was considerable smoke and gas in the entries and notwithstanding the fact that the big fans were in good order and were working with full capacity, the gas and smoke were not being driven out very fast.

The following are the dead and their bodies are with the exception of Conrad, still buried in the mine: J. W. Larne, W. Larne, Jim Sluss, Laraz Aladar, Hungarian; Anthony Bruce, Pole; H. C. Conrad, Silas White, John Patterson, Gus Harris, W. T. Sullivan, William Price, William Ward, Walter G. Zinn, Slob Gray, Sterling Williams, Albert Brum, Nathan Harrison, William Curry, Silas Harris, June Kelly, Lee Price. The Coalale operation is owned and operated by the Cooper Brothers, who are also owners of the Mill Creek and McDowell Coal and Coke companies. The Coalale plant is considered one of the best operations in the field. Ed Cooper is on the ground supervising the work of rescue.

Cannot Hunt Corn Crop.

The railroads of Kansas are unable to furnish cars to move one-half of the corn crop. Grain men, farmers and millers appeal in vain for trains in which to ship to market the 190,000,000 bushels of this cereal. All along the lines of the corn belt are heaps of corn waiting to be shipped. At some temporary cribs have been built to store this but in the great majority of the places it has been merely piled up on the ground, and some of these piles contain as many as 10,000 bushels.

This corn has been hauled to shipping points with the idea that it was to be loaded into cars which had been ordered, but in most instances the corn got there before the cars and is still waiting for them. Storms might seriously damage this corn, which is exposed to the elements, and the men who own it are keeping the wires hot with messages to the railroad asking that their orders for cars be filled.

Charged With Murder.

A dispatch from Anderson to the State says Robert Bird and Lon Anderson, two young negroes living in the lower part of this county, have been lodged in jail on charge with the murder of a negro woman at a hot supper. It was alleged that the negroes were returning home from the frolic, when they met a party also returning home. They fired two shots into the crowd, one of which struck a negro woman and inflicted injuries from which she died a day or two afterwards. A preliminary hearing was given the negroes yesterday by Magistrate McAlister and the evidence was such that accused were sent to the county jail to await trial at the approaching term of the circuit court.

Swept by Cyclone.

Serious property damage and loss of life was wrought Wednesday afternoon, shortly after 5 o'clock, by a cyclone which swept Jacksonville, a negro settlement about a mile north or Langley. The negro Baptist church was completely wrecked, as were also several of the best dwelling houses in the settlement. The wife of Calvin Nealer, one of the most respected and prosperous negroes in the place, was killed in the wreck of their home and his eldest daughter seriously injured.

TORNADO SWEEPS

A GEORGIA CITY WITH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

Two People Killed, Many Injured and a Great Deal of Property Destroyed.

A tornado of terrific force passed over Albany, Ga., at 1:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, coming from a southwesterly direction and spreading ruin and desolation over portions of a dozen blocks. Several persons are dead, others will die as a result of injuries and many are more or less seriously hurt. Viewing the wreckage left by the tornado, it seems a miracle that scores were not killed outright the tribute claimed in the way of human lives being astonishingly small.

The known dead are: Ben Jones, a negro machinist in the employ of the Virginia-Carolina-Chemical company. Jake Johnson, a 9-year-old negro boy.

Among those whose injuries will in all probability prove fatal are: Luta Gladden, Jesse Davis, Annie Davis and Jessie Woodall.

The list is still incomplete owing to the fact that much of the destruction wrought was well beyond the city limits. Reports from the tornado after it left Albany have not been received.

Hundreds of negroes in the city are homeless tonight and many have lost all their household effects. The injured are being cared for and efforts are being made to secure shelter for all. This is difficult owing to the scarcity of all kinds of dwelling houses in the city. Under direction of Mayor Rawson, relief will be secured and promptly furnished those in greatest distress.

It is difficult to estimate the property loss. The Virginia-Carolina-Chemical company is the principal sufferer, its destroyed buildings and machinery having been worth probably \$60,000. It is safe to say that the total loss will be found to exceed \$150,000. Very little of the destroyed property was protected by tornado insurance.

The southern Bell Telephone company is among the heaviest sufferers. Its lines were blown down in several parts of the city. Some little apprehension is felt for Pretoria, in the southwestern part of the county. The tornado came from that direction and as the telegraph wires are down nothing can be heard from there.

MUST BE RESPECTED.

A Snobbish Officer of the Army Reduced in Rank.

For requesting a sergeant of artillery to change his seat at a theatre, First Lieut. Roy L. Taylor of the coast artillery is reduced in rank 12 numbers. He was tried by courtmartial last week at New York and the verdict was announced Wednesday. The offense was committed at a theatre in New London, Conn., where a sergeant of Taylor's own company, who was in uniform, vacated a seat at the request of Lieut. Taylor.

"It is hoped," states the decision which is signed by Brig. Gen. Grant, "that the sentence of the court will leave no doubt in the mind of any one that the uniform of a soldier is a mark of honor which must be respected in the United States."

It also stated that a sentence more severe than the one given is warranted.

The theatre incident took place last October. Sergt. Patrick F. Butler of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth company, coast artillery, which was Taylor's company, was seated in front of his superior officer at a performance. Lieut. Taylor was not in uniform. Nearly were a party of friend whom he knew but who were not members of his party. It was in order to make vacancy for one of them that he told the sergeant to move. His words to the under officer, according to the printed verdict of the courtmartial, were:

"Sergeant, you had better get your ticket changed and get your seat somewhere in the rear," or words to that effect.

Lieut. Taylor pleaded not guilty to the charge of conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, saying that he had asked the sergeant to move but he spoke as one might to another and did not intend to convey to Sergt. Butler the idea that he was being ordered to move.

Ad Were Lost.

The British bark "Pass," of Melfort, Captain Caguel, from Ancon for Puget sound, drove ashore on the rocks of Vancouver Island, a quarter of a mile east of Amphitrite point, Tuesday night, and all on board were lost. The vessel was making for the entrance to the straits when a terrific southwest gale drove her to the lee shore on Vancouver Island and the doomed ship drove with terrific force onto the rocks, breaking up soon afterwards. The bodies of lost seamen are coming ashore.

Negro Drowned.

A dispatch from Edgelyield says a middle aged negro man of Colliers, named Ned Thomas, was drowned Wednesday night in Log creek, four miles west of that town. He was under the influence of whiskey and his mule was drowned with him. His daughter walked across a bridge and got safely over. He was an industrious fellow and had just borrowed a sum of money from the Bank of Edgelyield, which money he is supposed to have had upon his person.

MADE SLAVES.

Ugly Traffic in Chinese Laborers For South Africa.

WILL WORK IN MINES.

Herded Like Cattle. The Contractors Furnish Them to the Mine Workers and They Belong To Their Employers, Body and Soul. Sent to Mines.

A letter from Washington to The Charleston Post says an interesting story has just reached this country concerning the traffic in Chinese coolies in the mines of the Transvaal. The methods of collecting, separating and shipping the coolies is fully described and the whole treatment of them resembles the selection of cattle for the great slaughter houses more than of human beings. During the last year the "industry," as it is called grew to large proportions. White labor, since the close of the South African war has been found insufficient for the purposes of mining gold in the Transvaal, and consequently it has been necessary to export thousands of coolies to that place.

The primary work of collecting the coolies is begun by missionary doctors, at the expense of the contractors. The accepted coolies are first marched to the nearest railroad station and forwarded to the shipping point. Being taken from the trains they are placed in barracks of different sizes, usually large enough, however to accommodate from three to four hundred Chinese. Each is then stripped and examined by the doctors, including tests for eyesight and hearing. Those accepted pass into a large tank of warm water and are there scrubbed with soap by other coolies. They are then vaccinated, photographed and their identification cards written upon.

A number is hung about their necks, and they are ushered again into another compound until the next transport calls. It is said that they are here furnished with a copy of the contract they are to sign both in Chinese and in English. It is even claimed that the coolies are told what the contract means, where they are going, the wages they are to receive, etc., but this is seriously doubted. Few coolies have enough intellect to understand a contract even should it be read to them. Opium and Chinese liquor are now denied him, though he may have all the rice and tea his stomach is capable of holding. The day before shipping, the coolies are taken in lots of ten to the office of the Chinese protector for a final examination. Here they are not only given another severe physical test, but are asked many questions in the endeavor to ascertain whether or not the heathen understands fully where he is going and what he is expected to do after getting there.

In a large hall stand or squat some two hundred coolies in rows along the wall. Their only clothing is a piece of string and a paper tag. If passed on as being all right, they are given another wash and are then given clean clothes, shoes, belts, socks, straw hats, etc., and reappear in dark blue uniforms. The paper or temporary tag which has heretofore been hanging around the coolies neck is now exchanged for a permanent lead one with a number on it. He has no name, hereafter a number. This lead tag becomes as much a part of him as his finger or any other section of his anatomy.

He is now given \$38 (Mexican) two months pay, and 88 bonus, and asked again if he prefers to return home or retain the silver. The answer is invariably in favor of the silver. Having decided to retain the money in exchange for a tag with a number on it he pushes it into a tin pan, which later serve him for his rice bowl, his wastepan, and for many other use to which he may wish to put it. At this point the coolie belongs to the contractor soul and body. He is now placed in a kind of jail, and here he bids farewell to his family and creditors. He receives his kit bag containing clothing, a blanket, a tin cup and a bamboo pillow, and is now ready to take his place in the gold mines of the Transvaal.

The first shipment of coolies was made in July, 1904, and the total number of shipments from all ports to the present time is twenty-nine. The total number of coolies shipped from all parts of China is 49,000. The deaths have been comparatively few. Contractors are making many thousands of dollars annually out of the slave traffic, and as will be seen from the numerous physical tests to which the coolies are put, they endeavor to transport only what are considered "good risks." On the others they would undoubtedly lose money.

Picked up at Sea.

Advices were received in Charleston on Thursday of the safety of four fishermen, John Pinckney, Lawrence Washington, Minny Gibson and Frank Simmons, who were picked up at sea by a passing vessel and carried into Norfolk. The men were thought to have been lost and that they were safe was pleasing intelligence to their relatives and friends. They belonged to the fishing smack Charleston and while off shore last Saturday, their small boat got adrift in a sudden squall and disappeared from view. The smack returned to port without the men and there was only one conclusion—that they had been swept out to sea and drowned.

LOOKING FOR BAD MAN.

Postoffice Inspectors and Detectives at Work.

Postoffice inspectors and secret service men are quietly working around in the Piedmont section again looking for Gus Doford, the noted yeggman who escaped from three United States deputy marshals while on his way to Charleston for trial, by jumping through the window of a flying passenger train near Cadés.

He is one of the most notorious safe-blowers in the country, and bears the traces of frequent narrow brushes with federal officers, who have a most hearty respect for his nerve and intelligence. There are three large scars from burns on his left fore-arm, ugly slashes on the forehead and left jaw and a long out on the top of the head, extending down across the forehead. This was made by the four inch blade of a pole axe.

With all his scars, however, DeFord who is twenty-three years old but looks twenty-eight, is a dapper, well dressed fellow who has the ear of being "stuck on himself" and lottors about bowlin alleys and pool rooms. He is an expert pool player, well known in Richmond, Norfolk, Baltimore and New York, under one or the other of his numerous aliases. Some of these are Augustus DeFord, Wm. B. Smith, Gus B. Ford, G. M. DeFord, W. W. P. Thorton, C. C. Carter Lawrence Bailey, Lawrence Cockrell, Gus Walter. Among his yegg nicknames are "Gus," "Walt," "Dick" and "Bugsy."

DeFord was wanted by the postoffice inspectors for the burglary of safes in the postoffice at Cameron, Rowlesville, Montmorenci, Batesburg and Enores, and was indicted with several other yeggmen for these burglaries in the United States district court at Charleston on April 8, 1903. He was found at Churchville, N. Y., where local authorities were holding him on charge of bank burglary and started south in charge of three United States deputy marshals, but escaped by leaping head long from the train at Cadés. He has not been seen since, although the inspectors have several times been hot on his trail, and have a tip now that he's looking about for likely spots for his operations in the Piedmont of South Carolina.

The chief postoffice inspector has offered a reward of \$250 for his apprehension as a fugitive from justice, and Inspector Gregory of North Carolina and Pulsifer of South Carolina would give years of their lives just to see him once more.

Sold a Grave.

The grave in which lies the body of the man she called husband was yesterday deeded away for Mrs. V. J. Dubois, of Des Moines, for \$40 to Mrs. Mary Dubois, of Danver, whose claim as wife of the same man has been substantiated by the courts. With the transfer goes the Des Moines woman's claim to the body of the prominent and wealthy Des Moines contractor, E. T. Dubois, who was found to have three wives, one in Des Moines, one in Danver and one in New Orleans. It is said that Dubois also had family connections in New York and Philadelphia. It was only that the title might rest with the legal wife that the transfer was made. Mrs. V. J. Dubois, firmly believing that the other women were imposters, had purchased the lot in the cemetery, and the possession of the grave remained with her until the courts decided that the legal rights rested in Mrs. Mary Dubois of Danver, and she then parted with the remains of her supposed husband for \$40.

Eighteen Thousand Stolen.

It has just been discovered that \$18,000 has been stolen from the Southern or Adams Express companies. The money was sent from Augusta and consigned to New York and was transferred in Columbia. For this reason an investigation is being made in Columbia as well as in Washington and New York. The money, other valuables were in a pouch shipped from Augusta. In Columbia the express from Augusta is always transferred to the Jacksonville-New York express and is again transferred to the Adams Express company in Washington for shipment to New York. The money was transferred in Columbia last Saturday week and Monday when the pouch should have been delivered in New York it was missing. The express officials claim that the seal was intact when the pouch was delivered there, unless a person had duplicated seals, and for that reason the investigation now going on there is most rigid.

An Old Couple.

A dispatch from Wilkes Barre, Pa., two of the oldest couples ever married in that part of the State were wedded Thursday and Friday. Their combined ages are 276 years and the ages of the bridegroom alone is 150 years. Thursday Jerome B. Kelly, of Avery, Wayne County, and Mrs. Annie Hamill, of Dunmore, were married, the bridegroom being eighty and the bride, sixty-seven. Yesterday Benjamin Smith aged seventy and Rebecca E. Hancock, age fifty-nine both of New Albany, Pa., were married.

Alleged Assassin.

Charles Zimmerman, who shot and instantly killed Jim Stevens just across the Saluda line in Edgefield county Wednesday night, was lodged in jail there this evening for safe keeping by Messrs. W. D. and J. G. Padgett. Stevens, it is said, was sitting in his home and was snort by Zimmerman through an open window. Both parties are negroes.

A Landslide.

On account of recent heavy rains a landslide occurred Thursday on the South and Western railroad, in process of constructing near Pine Bluff, N. C., killing three men and fatally injuring two others. The bodies of the dead men have been recovered.

BURIAL ALIVE.

Distinguished Washington Physician Discusses the Horror.

SOMETIMES HAPPENS.

Many People Insist on Past Mortem Surgery to Satisfy Themselves That Their Relatives and Friends Are Dead. Instances Are Recalled by Doctors.

The Washington Post says it not infrequently happens that persons who have been seriously ill are thought by friends and attendants to have breathed their last when there is still life in the body. In fact, cases are on record of premature burial, and this particularly so in times of war and pestilence. So great is the horror of such a probability among some people that they have insisted upon post mortem surgery being performed upon them after their death, something that would be fatal itself, in order to prevent the dire calamity of being buried alive.

There is one instance on record in this city where a woman, a member of a prominent family, who at the time of her last illness exacted a promise from her family that when she was pronounced dead her heart should be taken from her body. This operation was made by her family physician, one of the best known among the old practitioners of former years.

There are many residents of Washington today who bear well in mind the circumstance of a certain gentleman, a physician himself, and at one time a surgeon in the Confederate army, who when his wife died, objected for several days to her interment. There was not sufficient evidence of death to prove to him that she was lifeless, and his contentions that she was only in a trance, in which he was sustained by others, were so strong that only after several days and when there could be no longer doubt of her death, discomposure having become much advanced, would he consent to her burial.

Discussing these and similar topics one day during the past week, a practicing physician mentioned a circumstance that came immediately under his observation. "When I was pursuing a kind of post graduate study not very long ago," he remarked "and was nearing the end of my work in the contagious disease hospital in New York, a call was made upon me one day to attend a little girl who was seriously ill from diphtheria, I found the patient in the attic of a tenement house on the East Side of the city, not more than a block distant from the hospital.

"If you have ever seen that pathetic picture in which you notice the doctor sadly gazing upon an unconscious child lying upon pillows fixed upon two chairs, and the attitude of the sorrow-stricken parents," he continued, "you may get some idea of the scene presented to me when I entered the room. The absence of the doctor was the only thing that prevented the painting, from reproduction as a living picture.

"The mother was sobbing, with her head bowed over a table and the father was in a standing position absolutely dazed with sorrow. The child was lying on pillows stretched upon two chairs. 'Don't touch her, doctor,' the father said to me. 'She is dead! And in heaven now, and so I thought myself.' said the doctor. 'I did up a careful examination, I found the faintest indications of respiration, and without any delay I introduced into the windpipe the latest surgical instrument invented for such cases, and in a few seconds plainly discovered the child breathing. Later on, having called for a hospital ambulance, I wrapped the child in a blanket and took her in my arms to the proper ward.

"To sum it all up, the little one recovered, and when her parent came to see her they found her close upon complete recovery. I had difficulty in escaping their embraces when they knew for an absolute truth that they still had their baby.

"When I first saw that child," he said in conclusion, "I felt as certain she was dead as I knew I myself was alive."

The Toy Pistol.

As a result of having accidentally shot himself in the hand with a blank cartridge about two weeks ago, Will Pittman, aged 12 years, of 117 Wells street, Atlanta Ga., was taken to Grady hospital Friday afternoon suffering from lockjaw. He is in a serious condition. A few days before Christmas the young fellow was playing with a toy pistol of the kind that shoots cartridges. In some manner the weapon was accidentally discharged and the paper wadding penetrated the flesh of the boy's hand. The wound at first, was not considered serious, but rapidly grew worse until tetanus, or lockjaw, developed.

Wife Won't Stay.

Rev. J. Stevenson recently resolved to pass a week's incarceration rather than pay the county tax in Scotland. He had no property which could be distrained upon, and on the form which he received on which to state what he was willing to hand over to be sold he wrote: "Self." In the next column, in which he was required to state the value of the goods, he inserted: "Wife won't stay."